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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1900.

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THE HUTCHINS BUILDING

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Monday, December 8, 1900, 19,808

Tuesday, December 9, 1900, 40,122

Wednesday, December 10, 1900, 39,241

Thursday, December 11, 1900, 39,415

Friday, December 12, 1900, 39,729

Saturday, December 13, 1900, 39,118

Total, 257,033

Daily average (Sunday, 19,008, excepted), 39,537

THE TIMES, in all its editions, Morning,

Evening, and Sunday, will be sent to one address

for FIFTY CENTS per month. Addresses changed

as often as desired.

The Capital Centennial.

It is a solemn thought and one well cal-

culated to make us contemplate the tomb

that every new sun we see climbing the

eastern horizon brings to us the memory of

the past. Something of the things of the

past has always been with us, but the fact

that it was a hundred years before that the

Declaration of Independence had been

signed, sealed, and delivered burst with

the force of a thunderbolt upon the coun-

try, and we duly celebrated the occasion.

That opened up a vast and ever widen-

ing vista of centuries. Everything that

ever happened after the Declaration had

to be remembered as fittingly and as ex-

tensively as circumstances would permit.

A century record thereafter has been made

for any and every event susceptible of the

application. The Centennials of the Bat-

tles of Long Island, of Valley Forge, Sar-

atoga, Arnold's treason, Andrew's execu-

tion, Burr's flirtation with Margaret Mon-

rovia, the Battle of Trenton, our recognition

as a nation by France, the surrender at York-

town, the Treaty of Peace with Great

Britain, Washington's resignation as gen-

eral of the Continental Army, the organiza-

tion of the Confederation, the adoption

of the Constitution, Washington's first

inauguration as President, his retirement

at the end of two terms, and his Farewell

Address, his appointment to the command

of the army again, Shays' rebellion, and

the death of the Father of His Country, all

these historical events have been appropri-

ately commemorated with flags, fairs,

processions, eating, drinking, and speeches.

The present work of this city is all com-

pared and ready to deliver at least one cen-

tennial and often several per diem, and prom-

ises ability to do so. "It may be for years

and it may be forever."

One hundred years ago the Federal Gov-

ernment was installed in Washington. Great

changes have occurred since. Except that

the south side of the Avenue does not look

as well as it did on December 12, A. D.

1800, it may be said that improvement has

been general. Scarcely, the able critics

of a century ago called this a "city of

magnificent distances," wherein the be-

ginnings of a parliament house were con-

nected with a few scattered boarding

places and frame residences, and with the

City of Georgetown by a muddy road or

two full of bog holes, dangerous alike to

man and beast. But that state of things

was not to last forever. Those long dis-

tances, the day came at last when the mud

of the island no longer could be detected

on boats in the "court end of town," and

when the idea of pavement dawned upon

the mind of the Government. Not much

in this line, however, was done until after

the civil war.

In 1842 Charles Dickens visited the Cap-

ital and was much impressed by the beau-

ty of the now old Postoffice Department

building then lately completed. He was

good enough to laugh at us for putting up

a structure which would make the busi-

ness and people inside of it look and feel

like a prison for fifteen decades or more.

Mr. Dickens was mistaken. It is a pity

he could not have lived to see that useless

great building overcrowded and finally

abandoned for the larger but horrible Gro-

ver Cleveland Hall in Pennsylvania Ave-

nue. No one a hundred years ago prob-

ably would have dreamed of such a city

as a century as Washington has become. The

one man who was satisfied of its destiny,

the man who conceived, planned, and made

it the Capital of the nation, had died a

little while before. He knew, and if he

were back here, on the whole he would

be pleased. He would be pleased to see

the White House much as he intended it

should be. The imitation of the Hotel de

Ville of Paris on the east side of it might

be his architectural taste; but the Treasury

building would undoubtedly meet his clas-

sical views, while the Department of Jus-

tice, on the other side, with the noble

legend over the door, "Dedicated to Art,"

might make him enquire into the present

organization and purposes of Mr. Griggs'

office. He would look in vain for the wil-

deresses of his time in the valuable and

fashionable Northwest, and grow increas-

ingly when told that a choicest of lots

from some of the most favored corner lots

is exchangeable for a suit of clothes or a

gold watch and chain down town.

But Washington, were he here, would be

delighted with the spirit of enterprise

everywhere apparent. He projected a

city of ultimately a hundred thousand in-

habitants. It has already come to be more

than two hundred a half times that

number, and the Washington in combina-

tion of our real estate magnates in combi-

nation with circumlocution farmers has sub-

divided and laid out a metropolis war-

ranted to accommodate a million souls or

more without the absorption of additional

territory.

All these and other glories must flash

upon our mental vision, as the church

bells toll today, and we see the modest

little procession marching to the "roll-

ing strain of "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail

Columbia," from the Executive Mansion

to Capitol Hill, and back, and witness the

delight of our amiable Chief Magistrate,

smiling like his centennial predecessor,

John Adams, on the multitude, and glad

once more to be in the hands of a dis-

tinguished local committee on patriotic

pleasuring intent.

It is a memorable occasion. Let the

people rejoice that we have as beautiful

and prosperous city as we have, and let

the hands play and the soldiers present

arms. After that we must devote our

energies to getting ready for the Inaugu-

ration, and, that being out of the way,

there will be much to do in preparation

for St. Patrick's Day, Decoration Day, the

Fourth of July, and for such centennials

and conventions as may come along to re-

lieve the monotony of the intervals be-

tween. We are glad indeed to be a hun-

dred years old, and still able to celebrate.

A Permanent Asset of State.

The thanks of the American people are

due to Senator Chandler for the plea for

publicity he made in behalf of the masses

in the Senate Chamber Monday. That

he failed in his benevolent intent does not

matter. A great and golden surprise had

fallen upon the startled body from the

eloquent mouth of Senator Frye, and the

New Hampshire statesman thought it

ought to be passed along to the common

people. But the grave and reverend

seigniors were obtuse and the matter

is buried in all the oblivion that usually

marks proceedings in executive session.

The occasion was momentous. The Pres-

ident pro tempore descended from his

throne and proclaimed the fact, for the

instruction of Senators only, that the Hon.

John Hay, Secretary of State, after mat-

ure consideration, had decided that nei-

ther the amendment nor yet the rejection

of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty would ever

cause him to forsake the honors and di-

gnities in his present position, as long as

the appointing and removing power should

be vested in present hands. Upon hearing

this declaration Senator Chandler very

properly insisted that when the American

people knew that their adored Secre-

tary of State was not going to resign, there

would be an end to a state of suspense

almost intolerable, and that the matter

should be given instant and the widest

publicity; but, as we have said, the Senate

was inexorable.

While we must confess to feeling every

bit of the excited thrill which percolated

through the venous and arterial system

of Senator Chandler when the sensational

but comforting news was broken to him,

we must also admit that we have always

experienced some difficulty in believing

that anything short of a pointed Presi-

dential invitation would now or at any

other time induce Mr. Hay to desert his

post. He is not an ideal Secretary of State.

No one who has seen him will be rash

enough to assert that he even looks the

part. But, not the less he wishes to essay

it to the end of the chapter.

The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty may fall to

the ground, but its putative author does

not mean to go with it. There are other

things of an interesting, although cotier,

character connected with his foreign re-

lations that must be safeguarded. He

would still have the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty

and the surrender of Pyramid Harbor, in

Alaska, to Great Britain, in addition to

the Porcupine district already ceded, to

look after. He is a "purely personal as-

set" without which Lord Salisbury would

think himself nearly beggared. Like his

own grand old man, Jim Blaine, it is

necessary for him to stay and to hold the

"ash" of that Anglo-American alliance

"ash" the bank, till the last gallop's

career.

The Beer Man's Burden.

If Congress continues to show a dispo-

sition to ignore the sacred claims which

the American brewing interest has upon

the party in power, on account of enor-

mous contributions to the Republican

campaign fund of 1900, we are apprehen-

sive that brewers generally may lose

some of the enthusiasm for McKinley

prosperity with which they were recently

imbued. There is no ground for doubt

that when their suffrages and cash were

solicited they were solemnly assured that

the first act of a vindicated and trium-

phant majority in the National Legisla-

ture would be to cut the tax on beer in

half, and so on, and that far toward the

free lunch route and dinner table of the

masses.

It is creditable to the gentlemen who

represent one of our best business in-

terests, that they are not insisting upon

the full pound of flesh nominated in the

bond, but are willing to split the differ-

ence with the Treasury, and instead of

demanding a reduction of a dollar per

barrel in the year would accept a

benefit of sixty-six and two-thirds per

cent. But even this moderate request does

not seem likely to be granted, and there is

irritation in consequence.

Beyond reasonable question the politi-

cians in Congress would like to redeem

the pledges made by the campaign man-

agers. But, now that the election is over

and the Hanna-McKinley combination is

firmly in the saddle for another term, it

is natural to remember for the first time

in a year at least, that a considerable

number of the Republican party look upon

the brewers as enemies of society. The same

class is without radical views in connection

with patent medicines, check stamps,

and other things of similar import. If the

committees show too much favor to the

brew industry some of their members may

each it from the Prohibition element

among their constituents. In fact, it is

a commonplace of Republican party prac-

tice that the brewers are to be encour-

aged, codified, and mulcted when an elec-

tion is on, and frowned upon and treated

as semi-criminals between times. As an

interesting commentary upon the forgiv-

ing spirit apparently almost universal

among exponents of this great interest, it

is to be noted that they seem to take

their snubbing meekly, and to appear smiling

at the receipt of custom when again required

to fill campaign barrels. Such a spirit

does not too highly admire.

Hazing at West Point.

The report of Colonel Mills in regard

to the hazing of Oscar L. Booz, late cadet

at West Point, has been made public, and

the general tenor of it seems to be that

the story of the hazing might be untrue

because it could not possibly have hap-

pened. Colonel Mills' idea is that the

treatment described in the story of the

hazing is entirely out of keeping with the

general character and traditions of West

Point cadets.

Unfortunately